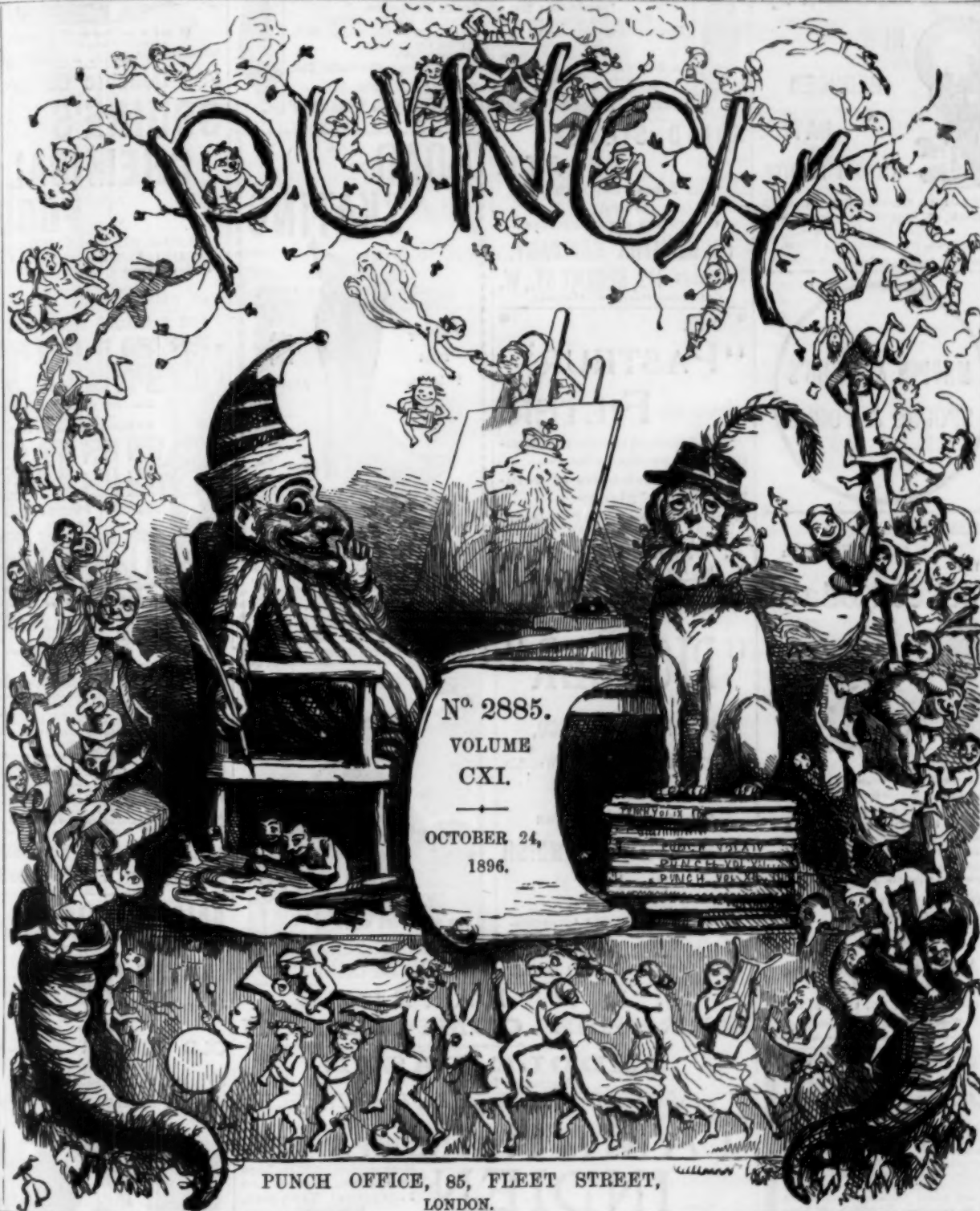


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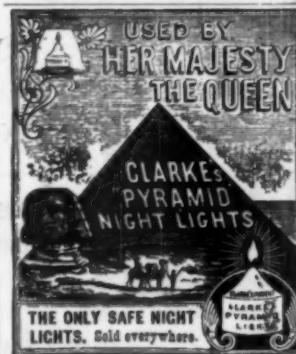
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PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. VI.—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

Long beard, long locks, wild and unkempt—a tawny, tangled mane,
An ancient coat grown greeny-grey by years of sun and rain,
Hands crossed on back, brow creased with thought, eyes fixed upon the far,
He slowly moves and meditates upon the things that are.
There is a philosophic lurch about his wayward feet,
A spirituous odour, too, is wafted down the street,
And when he murmurs to himself his utterance is thick,
And punctuated freely, very freely, with a *hic*!
“Time, Shpache and Time! Whash Time? shays KANT. We know it a *priori*!
Then whash the good of clock up there? No, no, KANT! Thash a story!
I dono Time—whash more, don’ care. If tiahn’t night, itah day,
And if itah t’other way about, itah round the other way.
Whash Shpache? I passed the ‘Shtar’ jush now, and here’s ah the ole ‘Cross Keyah.’
Rum thing! Dem queer!—Yesh, yesh, my dear, my usual, if you please.
Your health, Mishah KITTY! Wish you joy! And blesh your pretty fache!
And tellush whashu think of Mishter KANT on Time and Shpache?
What! Never heard the genlman? Lose no time, then, for you’ll find—
I’d swear it wimme dyin’ breath—that KANT ‘sha Mashter-mind!
I’ve read him dayanni’, KITTY, for five-and-twenty year;
I’ve read him drunk on whiskey, and I’ve read him drunk on beer;

I’ve read him backwards, forwards, and in all the beggar’s rant
There’s ah not a word I undershtand! A Mashter-mind is KANT!
He knows Time a *priori*—sho he shays. Why, then, alri’?
KANT’s ah clever man, dem clever! ‘Fact, a Mashter-mind, shay I!
Put him ‘side me. There’s ah clock, you shae, stuck up behind the bar.
Now I can’t even shay for shure how many hand shere are.
At firahight, shpeaking roughly, I should think there’s ah throe or four,
But when I shtudy queshtion there’s ah consheiderably more.
I can’t tell Time; but KANT knowsh Time without a blessed wash
By shimple appercephshun or shome transhendental bosh.
Ish wonderful! Mosh wonderful! That feller KANT’s ah a brick!
Take my advice and read him. He’s ah a good ole Mashter—
hic!
Yesh, laishangemmen, whash is Man? A ph’nomenon—no more!
He strutsh his hour upon the shtage, and then his day is o’er.
You’re nothing but a ph’nomenon in Time and Shpache, Miss KITTY.
Dem jolly ph’nommen, too! Jesh wish the resh were all ash pretty!
He’s ph’nomenon! She’s ph’nomenon! And I’m a phommen, too!
All ph’nomena together, laishangemmen, I and you!
Thash KANT, and sho ish true! Don’t think I’m trying to amuse you all.
Ish firah-rate philoshphy!—Thank you, dear! Another of my usual!”

SONG OF THE PROMOTED PEER.—Baron to bed and Early to rise.

MOTTO FOR THE CZAR.—Bear and FAURE bear.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

A SUMMER-HOUSE BALLAD.

DAMP, dismal, dirty place to wait,
If sun or shower too fiercely beat,
Where draughts in spring-time penetrate,
Yet not a breeze in summer’s heat—
In storm or sunshine all unmeet
A bower for whispered lovers’ vows.
If your AMANDA you would greet,
I cannot praise the Summer-house.
If, having won a *tête-à-tête*,
You’d fain evade pursuing feet,
Remember Mr. Tupman’s fate,
And where he sought retirement sweet!
Then choose some more strategic seat,
If you possess the smallest *nous*,
One that ensures a safe retreat—
I cannot praise the Summer-house.
And whether old, or “up-to-date,”
“With all conveniences replete,”
I hold it, in whatever state,
A snare, delusion, and deceit;
Outside though picturesque or neat,
Inside it smells of mould and mouse,
A whited sepulchre, a cheat—
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Envoi.

Unpleasant haunt where you may meet
With earwig, spider, sylvan louse,
And slug and beetle—I repeat,
I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Trafalgar Day.

(At the Board School.)

Teacher. Now can any boy tell me why
Nelson’s Column was erected in Trafalgar Square?

Johnny Grimes (immediately). Please,
Sir, to ‘elp ‘im up to ‘eaven, when ‘e died
in the arms of the Victory.

A BEAU-STREET AXIOM.—*Il faut souffrir pour être BEL.*



CINCINNATUS GLADSTONIUS. ("Return!" Not if I know it!")

[It was suggested at a public meeting that if Mr. Gladstone would return to Parliamentary life an uncontested seat would be found for him.]

Lily Vismann, New.



DAMAGED GOODS.

Sportsman (invited to help shoot some bucks in Mr. Meanman's park, and has just knocked one over). "BY JOVE! WHAT A LOVELY HEAD! YOU MUST LET ME HAVE THAT FOR MOUNTING."

Mr. Meanman (frightfully indignant). "WHAT! CUT HIS HEAD OFF! WHY, MAN, IT WOULD RUIN THE SALE OF THE CARCASS!"

THE NEW NIMROD.

[MR. PAT O'BRIEN, M.P., was first in at the death the other day with the Meath Hounds on his bicycle, and was presented with the brush.]

AIR—"The Hunting Day."

"WHAT a fine hunting day"—
Tis an old-fashioned lay
That I'll change to an up-to-date pome;
Old stagers may swear
That the pace isn't fair,
But they're left far behind us at home!
See cyclists and bikes on their way,
And scorchers their prowess display;
Let us join the glad throng
That goes wheeling along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day!

New Nimrods exclaim,
"Timber-topping" is tame,
And "bull-finches" simply child's play;
And they don't care a jot
For a gallop or trot,
Though they will go a-hunting to-day.
There's a Fox made of clockwork, they
say,
They'll wind him and get him away;
He runs with a rush
On rails with his brush,
So we must go and chase him to-day.

We've abolished the sounds
Of the horn and the hounds—
Tis the bicycle squeaker that squeals,
And the pack has been stuffed,
Or sent to old CURRY,
Now the huntsmen have taken to wheels!

Hairy country no more we essay,
Five bars, too, no longer dismay,
For we stick to the roads
In the latest of modes,
So we'll bike after Reynard to-day!

MUSICAL HONOURS.

To all whom it may concern. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH begs to notify that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY retires from the Grenadier Guards with the well-earned bâton of a musical Field-Marshal. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH also wishes it to be understood that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY is henceforth entitled to wear the decoration (First Class) of the high and mighty Order of the Merry Minstrel. Furthermore, Commander-in-Chief PUNCH desires to shake hands literally with a gallant officer, whose attack has always been unrivalled on the field of instrumental battle, and to wish him many years of melodious engagement. F. M. DAN GODFREY is the last man in the world to blow his own trumpet, so Commander-in-Chief PUNCH does it for him.

A WORD TO FRENCH WISEACRES WITH REGARD TO OUR OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Remember the excellent Marshal MACMAHON's saying, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Our rest is also our cue at this game of Pyramids.

RESULT OF THE CAB-STRIKE.—That many handsome drivers have become growlers.

A New Name for Party "Leaders."

(By a Disgusted "Follower.")

LEADERS, quotha? Why, the prospect's infernal!

The Party's becoming increasingly like An ill-managed, scrappy, political journal. We're edited—badly—but led! Why, a strike

Is conducted with far more decorum and dignity.

Masterdom's not to be hoped for, of course;

But when we find neither strong will nor benignity,

How shall we hope for cohesion or force? Swashbuckler, Laodicean seceder—

Parties are not to be managed in pets! We're like potshot papers, with never a leader,

Though any number of leaderettes.

Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

[The Right Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, born 1851.]

GLORY and honour to NELSON,
Who the French and the Spaniards
whipped!

And in "BOB AKERS,"* too,
Let each honest True Blue
Toast a whip that has never been clipped!

* Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS's nickname at Eton.

SOCIAL PURITY LADIES.—Those who try to collect dirt at the music halls. Tea leaves not wanted for sweeping reforms.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PAGE II.—*A Blotch of Modern France.*

Montreuil, Monday.—Standing on the walls when the sun has gone down, looking westward, one catches sight, on far horizon, of a couple of lights, so near together that, to SARK's fanciful mind, they suggest the eyes of a tiger watching us through the gloom. They are, in truth, the beams of the twin lighthouses on the coast by the mouth of the Canche. Why two,



Le Sportsman.

no one knows. There is nothing like them on any coast. Apart from duality, they are cosily built, well inshore. Instead of their base being sea-washed they are set in pleasant gardens, where are grown the best pears for miles round.

Between them and the sea there is space for a watering-place. Paris-Plage it is called. VILLEMESSANT, the creator of the *Paris Figaro*, gave it this name, and it has stuck ever since. Good Parisians before they die buy a patch of sandy soil near the twin lighthouses, and build their souls a lordly pleasure-house. These are, for the most part, fantastic monstrosities, the structure budding forth in all kinds of excrescences. Balconies that will hold nobody; pillars that uphold nothing; towers so unwieldy as to threaten to bring the whole building down; bits of coloured glass wherever they can be stuck. Each *propriétaire* further shows his independence by building his house at an angle obtrusively corner-wise to his neighbour's. The general effect is as if the ginger-bread contrivances had been shaken out of a Broddingnagian pepper-box, and left where they had fallen. But they please their owners, and that, after all, is their main object.

Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé come down in the season, bathe in the newest costumes, lounge about the beach, grow ruddy

and brown, and believe they are having a high old time. Some of them are mighty Nimrods. When I was last here, in the summertime, I was much struck with a *Monsieur* who strolled about the place from morn till eve armed cap-a-pie for *la chasse*. A gun was slung round his shoulder. A warlike belt, scarce concealing a liberal supply of cartridges, girt his portly waist. He wore a velvet coat and waistcoat, corduroy trousers, thick-soled boots, and a very large bag to bring home his game.

As far as close observation went, he never shot anything, not even the postman. When he was not drinking *petits verres* or smoking cigarettes in front of the *café*, he haunted the beach, sometimes going down to the water's edge. This suggested to me at the time the suspicion that he shot shrimps.

By chance, to-day, his secret was disclosed. Walking through the pine-woods at the back of Paris-Plage, we came upon a small clearing. At one side of it was what, at first sight, looked like the top of a well. There was a wooden cover, some three feet broad by five long. This, we learned, was our gallant *chasseur's* happy hunting ground. Hither he came, in the gloaming or early morning, with his game-bag half full of succulent cabbage leaves. These he spread about at the further edge of the clearing. Then, with stealthy step, he withdrew to the wooden box, lifted up the lid, and dropped into a carefully-dug pit, closing the lid upon himself.

"For all the world," SARK says, "like IRVING doing *Iachimo* in *Imogen's* bedroom."

The front part of the lid does not close level with the ground, thus not only supplying the sportsman with light and air, but leaving loophole through which the muzzle of the gun projects. Presently the rabbits come to feed on the cabbage-leaves, and the noble sportsman lets fly.

Ah, *le beau sport!* Here is its sublimation. SARK, like the late TROCHU, has a plan. He notices that the padlock lies on the top of the lid. Good. Next season he will repair to Paris-Plage, will stalk the noble sportsman. When he has settled himself in his pit and pulled down the lid, SARK will advance on tip-toe from the wood behind, will quietly turn the key in the padlock, and will withdraw, leaving the noble sportsman to enjoy an unexpectedly prolonged opportunity of making a bag.

In the meantime, SARK does not want the thing mentioned. Premature disclosure of the plan might prove destructive of its full success.

SHYNESS PAST AND PRESENT.

THE OLD STYLE.

PLACE—*Anywhere.* CHARACTERS—*He and She.* TIME—*Yesterday.*

He. Forgive me for addressing you, but I believe we were introduced to one another by your parents.

She. Yes, with the sanction of my grandmother.

He. So you will pardon me for taking a seat next you.

She. I should be sorry to see you ill at ease, especially as you have secured the esteem of my relatives. My uncle JOHN holds you in great regard.

He. I am delighted to hear you say so; but, disregarding your uncle JOHN (with infinite respect), I am most anxious to obtain your own goodwill. I am sure you will give it to me.

She. I am afraid that our acquaintance has been so short—I have only known you for the last five years.

He. But surely that is sufficiently long a period to get some idea of my character! Pray answer me.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then permit me to give you a few moments for reflection. May I light a cigarette?

She. Tobacco! I would far prefer to hear you play the guitar.

THE NEW STYLE.

PLACE—*The same.* CHARACTERS—*The same.* TIME—*To-day.*

He. I say, we don't want an introduction, eh?

She. Why, no! Fancy, too, we have met before!

He. Dare say. Guvnor and Mater know an odd lot.

She. So does my grandmother!

He. Got room for me, beside you?

She. Rather. Hate to see a man looking like a cod-fish, as uncle JACK says.

He. Bother uncle JACK! Want you to think well of me.

She. Think well of you! Why, I scarcely know you!

He. Nonsense. You have been chatting with me for at least five minutes! Come, out with it.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then I will give you a pause for reflection. How would you like a tune on the banjo?

She. Music! I would far sooner join you in a cigar!

MISS TWIDDY ON MODERN SHYNESS.

[The *Daily Telegraph* has "opened its columns" to a discussion upon the startling question "Why are People Shy?"]

DEAR MISTER PUNCH,—I'm confident an error worse than clerical Has crept into the statement of this interrogatory.

I'm shy; I always have been, to the verge of the hysterical, Which I was taught, *x* years ago, was a young maiden's glory.

I'm hushful, and I'm blushful, as I was when young and mittenish,—

For mittens in my girlhood were the ensigns of the modest ones,—

But now that all the maids seem fast and all the matrons kittenish,

This query strikes me, truly, as the oddest of the oddest ones!

My sainted mother taught me a Mimosa-like timidity

Was maidenhood's bewitchingest, most captivating quality;

But now it seems regarded as the height of insipidity,

And rigorously excluded from the scheme of virgin polity.

To blush, to lower eyelids, and to twiddle with one's toes about

The pattern of the carpet in a fashion feebly fluttery,

Is now a mark of mawkishness that nothing useful knows about,

The stamp of school-girl silliness absurd and bread-and-buttery.

Now girls are bold as—brass knobs, and as cool as any icicle.

To ask why they are shy, then, these young "misses" imper-

turbable Who smoke, and put on knickers—oh!!!—and, yes, bestride a bicycle,

And are, in short, emancipate, smart, up-to-date, uncurbable, Is really most preposterous! As well ask why a porcupine

Is sleek and saponaceous! If you share the modern girlishness,

To emulate the masculine in play as well as work you pine,

In billiards as in business, evening "nips," and early-pur-

ishness! Shy? Goodness gracious!—Only they've small goodness and scant graciousness,

These girls, whose "naked egos" are now advertised ob-

trusively— That's a "psychologic phrase," although suggestive of "owdaciousness"

To those whose early training left them "ladylike" ex-

clusively— Amidst the modes and phrases, manly customs, unsexed crazes,

Of—my nieces and their "she-pals." I feel "shy," and even giddy;

But to apply that word to them—as poets do to daisies—

Fits—well, like "up-to-date" applied to, Yours,

MATILDA TWIDDY.

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

HONOURED SIR,—Was I right over the Cesarewitch or was I not? Did I give the straight tip or did I not? Are your readers not now rolling in gold or are they not? These three plain and simple questions are best answered by *Fact*. Yes, Sir, in giving them *St. Bris* I laid low, but came out at ten to one. Is there any prophet in the United Kingdom, who could boast of the same record? I am well assured that not one was in it with yours truly, and I am confident that you yourself, mistrusting the advice of some gutter-snipe of the turf, did not plank your hard-earned doubloons on a rank impostor like *Phæbus Apollo*, a disreputable towel-horse, whom I never even named in my diplomatic despatch to your Napoleonic columns. But my second string, *Piety*, was fourth, and under other circumstances might have run third. I was truly glad to see the Prince of WALES in time to salute the Ditch—"Ditch dien" ought to be H.R.H.'s motto—Lord ROSEBERRY seemed none the worse for his discrepancy (a political word of mine own) with the Ill-Liberal party. The Duke of WESTMINSTER, despite the coloured collars, which he insists upon wearing like the late Duke of HAMILTON, is always above the dead level of Armenian atrocities, and made the Duke of CAMBRIDGE smile with his anecdotes of *Rampion*, who would not take his little bit between his teeth for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park.

Newmarket always reminds me of the Maze at Hampton Court. You never know where the races begin or end. I love the stewards of the Jockey Club for their lightheartedness in this respect even more than I respect their determination that no one but the judge can possibly find the winner up the hill.



Mamma. "THERE! I'VE DRAWN A DEAR LITTLE DOG, A DICKY-BIRD, A PUSSY CAT, AND A PIGGY-WIGGY; WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DRAW NOW!"

Effie (after due consideration). "A LITTLE GIRL BEING RUN OVER BY A CARRIAGE AND PAIR!"

When a man-backer (I take no count of females) thinks that his own particular fancy has done the trick, lo and behold the number of some despicable quadruped, which has been actually crawling beside the Birdcage is hoisted on the board! Can such things be, and a man afford new socks for the winter? I know not. Nevertheless, with my pockets moderately garnished with a saintly benefaction I hope to brave the "battle and the breeze" of Christmas. In your esteemed wire you ask "Have you anything good for the Cambridgeshire?" Yes, Sir, I have at present the name of the animal, which shall not be revealed. Suffice it to say that the prize shall not go East or West or North, but South, in the humble opinion of

Your fervent admirer, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Newmarket, always expect to meet "loo-ers." Verb. sap.

O. K. (By 'Arry.)

O. K. indeed! That's tidy cheek, I say!

That clever Roossian lydy they may call so.

(For OLGA NOVIKOFF is dubbed O. K.)

But she attempts to prove, in 'er sly way,

That Roossian Policy is O. K. also!

She's orful hartful and a stunning talker,

But when she sez O. K., wy, I sez "Walker!"

NEW NAME FOR SAME THING.—It is proposed for the name of "Dynamite" to substitute that of "Tynamite." This information does not come from France.

The Sultan's Proverbial Philosophy.

THOUGH England on "humanity" greatly dwells,
Give her an inch, she'll take the Dardanelles!



THE LAST CONGRATULATION.

Fair Guest (who, having had a desperate flirtation with the Bridegroom a short time ago, wouldn't be absent from the Ceremony on any account). "WELL, ALGEY, IT'S ALL OVER NOW! AREN'T YOU PLEASED?" *[Uncomfortable position of Algey.]*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

For a clearly-told and alluringly-exciting story, which can be read within the limits of a continuously wet day, or on the evening of a fine one, FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, published by JARROLD & SONS, can be confidently recommended. The locality of the incidents will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with that portion of the south-east coast where grazing fields, lying between the monotonous road and the sea, are gradually merged into such extensive flats of sand and grass, varied by occasional undulations, as delight the heart and exercise the muscles of the determined golfer. The heroine is a charmingly puzzling personage, who so gains upon the honest reader's sympathy as to make him hope against hope that she will ultimately escape from what appears to be the just retribution awaiting her crimes. Whether that sympathy is deserved, or wasted, it is for the authoress to tell, and the reader to discover. Should any of the BARON'S friends, anxious for a day's quiet, seek any place in this, or any other, neighbourhood close to the melancholy ocean, he will not do better than to make the acquaintance of FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, where there is as good entertainment to be had as the most hungry novel-devourer could desire.

"Never was man better served with" horses of various descriptions than was the

young rattletrap, *Hugh Peters*, the plural-named Puritan in the stirring, or rather galloping, romance entitled *A Puritan's Wife*, writ by one MAX PEMBERTON, and dashingily illustrated by Master SIDNEY PAGET, or Sidney Full-Page-it, as all his capital drawings are of this size. It is such a Romance of Multitude, a regular slashing, hacking, cutting, banging, crashing-through-woods, scouring-country (until it is clean), sword-thrusting, fisticuffing, brawling, plunging, lunging, struggling, guggling, half-drowning, with success-crowning-everything romance, as Master MAX and not a few other writers,—he of the Golden Spur, for example,—love to write. Odds bucklers and carbines! but it needs all the relief that the love story of a gentle girl can give to the tale, in order that we may have a few moments' lull. The heroine is an oppressed, thwarted, but ever ready-witted damsel, and though she gives the name of *A Puritan's Wife* to the novel, herself playing the "title rôle," yet is her part not so prominent as is that of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband; nor, indeed, is she so much in evidence as are the friends and enemies of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband. But, Messieurs the romance readers, the Baron, humming "*Suoni la tromba*" from *I Puritani*, doth recommend to your notice the work heartily. Ye can procure it at the sign of the CASSELL & Co., and thereto setteth the Baron his sign and seal, B. DE B.-W.

THE CYCLING GOVERNESS.

I no longer teach my classes
Their SHAKESPEARE and the glasses,
And the uses of the globes, as was my custom;
But all they'll learn from me
Is to ride the iron gee—
All other lessons utterly disgust 'em!

The girls no more will meddle
With the painful piano-pedal,
They'll only touch the pedal of their
"Humber";
Like their grannies, they begin
At an early age to "spin,"
But the road it is their spinning-wheels
encumber.

So wheeling now my trade is,
And finishing young ladies
In the proper kind of bicycling deportment;
I'm nearly finished, too,
And battered black and blue,
For of falls I've had a pretty large assortment!

A Zoological Error.

MR. BARNEY BARNATO has presented President KRUGGER with a brace of marble lions. What the eminent financier really meant to give was a couple of other animals, well known on 'Change, a bull and a bear, only, unfortunately, they broke loose previous to shipment.



“PLAYING PATIENCE.”

ROSEBERRY (*the Hermit of Dalmeny, loc.*). “THEY MAY SAY IT’S A DULL GAME, BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN’T WANT A PARTNER!”

MUSICAL NOTES.

["The bagpipe threatens to be a fashionable instrument in London this winter."—*Daily News*.]

CERTAINLY the reproach sometimes urged against us that we are an unmusical nation is in a fair way to become obsolete. The number of concerts given this winter beats all previous records, and most of the music performed, whether by professionals or amateurs, is of the very highest class.

ON Thursday, for instance, at Lady CLAPPERCLAW'S *soirée musicale*, the orchestra of amateur bagpipe-players distinguished themselves greatly. The orchestra consists of twenty-seven members, and the drawing-room at Clapperclaw House is



fortunately small, so that the effect gained was simply stupendous. A few of the audience thought that the *fortissimos* were almost overdone, but these were captious persons who had forgotten to place cotton-wool in their ears, an elementary precaution always to be observed before attending a modern concert. On the other hand, a distinguished foreign musician was overheard to remark with great emphasis that no such performance was even possible in his own country.

A FEATURE of the Duchess of MARGATE'S reception on Saturday was the magnificent trombone-playing of Miss ALAMODE. This talented young lady played with such success that all the electric-light globes in the room were shattered, and several of the audience were deafened for life. Charming pathos, too, was Herr THUMPOFFSKY'S solo on the big drum; indeed, tears stood in many eyes at the conclusion of his performance.

Now that the older musical instruments are falling into well-deserved neglect, it is interesting to find how readily well-known artistes move with the times. Señor SARASATE'S penny-whistle recitals have been crowded, and there is sure to be a full house at his next concert, when he will play the whole of *Don Giovanni* on that delightful instrument. Not to be outdone, on the following day Herr JOACHIM will render the overture to *Tannhäuser* and the choral symphony with the assistance only of a small comb.

AMONGST the new music recently published we would especially commend a volume of *Twelve Morceaux for the Bones*, by Professor VILLIERS STANFORD, which

are provided also with a tambourine *obbligato*, and *The Wanderer's Return*, a stately triumphal march, specially written by Doctor HUBERT PARRY for performance on a latchkey. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S new work, *Israel's Lament*, a symphonic overture arranged for an orchestra of Jew's harps, will be produced, we understand, at the next Birmingham Festival.

MANY complaints have lately been made of the unsatisfactory character of the Dictionary of Music now in use, which supply hardly any information as to the musical instruments of the day. However, this ignorance will be partly remedied for those who attend Professor BRIDGE'S historical lectures, which are doing a great work for the musical education of the public. The next course will begin on Monday week, and will deal with "The Structure and Development of the Barrel-organ." The lectures will be illustrated by performances on the instrument under discussion, given by M. PADEREWSKI, Herr ROSENTHAL, and others.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—"On ne badine pas avec l'amour," says ALFRED DE MUSSET. Ah! how regretfully do I recognise the truth of the poet's adage. When I recently told you of the capture of poor Lord ARTHUR KANTIPOLE at the Spa of Scarborough by the female who is unhappily privileged to call herself his wife, I mentioned that the unlucky fellow was reduced from leonine resentment to sheep-like docility by the mere mention of the name "Jones." Which JONES? Aided by an astute *employé* of Mr. ROPESEND, the celebrated private detective, I have discovered that this JONES (I might say, our JONES) is a betting man with whom ARTHUR has been rash enough to plunge into turf speculations, naturally to his financial embarrassment. The FEMALE (I can call her nothing else) having discovered this fatal secret, ingratiated herself with the man JONES (probably he is a blood relation), and, whenever in want of funds, she has produced him like a god out of a bathing-machine, as some Latin author remarks, to his temporary discomfiture. Talking of bathing-machines reminds me that an admirable substitute for soap is a mixture of cigar ashes and crushed apples, which I have registered under the title of "Pom-Nic." Demand it at all confectioners and bookstalls.

Mr. ROPESEND, who served with distinction in the Peruvian army, says that JONES is as hard as a Brazil nut—by the way, I can give you an excellent receipt for a *purée* of Brazil nuts, and will do so later—and that, if ARTHUR does not settle his liability, he means to have "his lordship warned off every course in Christendom." This sounds like an Armenian atrocity—but I gather that unless the sum of £2,660 is paid to this implacable JONES, my hero will have to suffer *peine forte et dure*. This must not be, and so, like another JOAN OF ARC, I have resolved to sacrifice my little fortune (left me, you will remember, by my godmother, Lady POKERDOWN), for the rescue of my GUY LIVINGSTONE. JOAN V. JONES. Mr. ROPESEND says that I am behaving like a real lady, but his praises fall from my ears like water from the feathers of a teal or

widgeon. A *propos* of widgeon, roast it with cayenne and onions, stir gently into beetroot sauce, caviare, lemons, and three ounces of delicate fresh-herring-roe jelly, and serve hot, with capers to follow. ROPESEND also states that I must not see ARTHUR, who is (I again quote his language) "lying doggo," having (*Dieu soit béni!*) escaped momentarily the persecution and presence of JONES and the FEMALE. In my conduct I know that I am both wicked and immoral, but *que voulez-vous?* I shall earn the praise of GRANT ALLEN and SARAH GRAND.

I will let you know how my scheme "pans out" (dear ARTHUR'S expression).

We have moved into a new flat, and I must say that the Art wall-paper in my



boudoir, illustrating MACAULAY'S *Lays of Ancient Rome*, is worthy of WALTER CRANE. It can only be obtained from—"At the Stores you can now buy the new Kamtschatkan drapery, made from Siberian rabbits. A capital way of dressing pheasants is to stuff them with larks and sausages, and baste, while roasting, with Burgundy. The original flavour of the bird by this process entirely disappears. Serve with sage and garlic sauce. KADJ.

* No, you don't.—Ed.

THE MUSIC HALL LICENCES.—According to the report in the papers last Thursday, Mr. COOTE (surely not the representative of the musical COOTE family, of the "COOTE and TINNEY" band, which it was most unfair ever to term "Tinney," being "strings and wind") opposed the licence for which the Palace Music Hall had applied. *Coûte que coûte* he was determined to oppose it, was COOTE; and ultimately, when granting the licence, our unfortunate COOTE was actually told by the Chairman how they, the magistrates, through him, their chief, regretted he (COOTE) should ever have expressed his strong opinion against the living tableau illustrating "La Source." Who can object to *nuda veritas*? Ladies and gentlemen visiting the Empire find no fault with "La Source." And what is "La Source" for the Goose is *La Source* for the Gander." So why complain?

SUGGESTION TO MODERATE LIBERALS.—The formation of the Primrosebery League. Plantagenets, or old brooms with new faces, warned off.



A STUDY OF FOUR PHILANTHROPIC AND USUALLY PEACEABLE LITTLE GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE PREPARED, AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND IN THE TERTH OF EUROPE, TO FORCE THE PASSAGE OF THE DARDANELLES, OCCUPY CONSTANTINOPLE AND ASIATIC TURKEY, DETHRONE THE SULTAN, AND RIGHT THE WRONGS OF THE UNIVERSE AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

ON THE THAMES.

DEAR MISTER,—I am not gone to Worthing, for the day where I wrote to you I received a letter from one of my friends, who inhabits Goring, inviting me of to render him visit, there where I could see the Thames. Ah, the fine occasion for to make some notes for my guide! I have already seen the Thames at London, at Richmond, and at the Lock of Boultaire. Ah, how it is gay the sunday—even the english sunday—that to see to pass all the adorable misses and the brave misters by the Lock of Boultaire! But until here I know not Goring.

Therefore very *volontiers*, voluntarily, I make my mail—*je fais ma malle*—the morning, I go to the station, I make to put an *etiquette* for Goring on my baggages, and I demand if there is a train direct. The factor—*facteur*—responds that yes. Then I obtain a ticket of to go and return, and I part in the train for Goring.

After a time incredibly short, in arriving at a station, I find that it is already Goring. *A la bonne heure!* Very content of to arrive so quick, I descend and I seek my friend, whom I will name Mister X. He is not there. Eh well, it is equal to me, something has prevented him, *j'irai chez lui*, I shall go at him. So I demand if Mister X. has sent a carriage. The factor says that no. Then I demand where lives Mister X. The factor knows not the name. Nor another employed no more. Nor the coacher of a fly. Nor the chief of station. In fine I seek the letter of my friend, and I show to them his name. "Ah," they cry themselves all, "that is Goring on Thames!" "Eh well," I say, "and what is this that this is that that?" "This is Goring, Sussex," respond they. After some time I comprehend that there is two Goringe, and that this one here is not that one there, the Goring of my friend, and—name of a dog!—in fine I return to Brighton, and I go to London to the station of Victoria, and I traverse London to the station of Paddington, and at Paddington I entrap the last train, and, all *épuisé*, I arrive to the other Goring after a voyage of the most longs and of the most annoyings—*ennuyants*—a voyage of all the day in omnibus trains. And this by a cold, ah but, a cold!

However, in fine I arrive, and the to-morrow, *le lendemain*, I

find that Goring is enough pretty, even when the season of the canoeing, *canotage*, is passed. It is true that one sees not the adorable misses and the ravishing colours of their robes of summer, but *en revanche*, in revenge, one sees the beautiful tints of the leaves of autumn, red and yellow, on the hill of Stritly. She is very well situated, the hill of Stritly, and dominates the landscape. Goring and Stritly are two ancient villages, united by an ancient bridge in wood, very picturesque, with a mill to water at side, of which the artist painters make all the days some pictures. I admire much your english villages. Even in the houses of the peasants one sees a little of the english comfortable—*le comfortable anglais*. And all the villages have the air of a garden, the little houses surrounded of trees and of flowers. My friend Mister X. fears that the ancient bridge may be *un peu usé*, a little used—ah no, you say "wo'n out." What misfortune if he should be replaced by a bridge in iron! *Ca se peut*, that may himself, for even at Venise there is a bridge in iron of the most detestables, but I hope that not. With a bridge in iron the river at Goring would be absolutely ugly, as ugly as he is at Charingcross where the bridge of the railway, traversing the river, destroys all the beauty of the *quai*, of the Embankment. The lock of Goring should not to resemble to the quay of London.

The valley of the Thames is charming when the sun shines. When the sky is grey and he falls of the rain, that which arrives so often in your country, she is a little sad. And when there is some inundations, and the inhabitants of the riverain houses are obliged of to rest at the first—*rester au premier*—because the *res-de-chaussée* is full of water, I believe that the valley of the Thames is a little humid. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

The Meat and Marriage Markets.

A MARKET-RETURN from Porkopolis reads:—

"Ribs pressed for sale and closed weak." Yanks are smart.

But this seems a fitting account of the deeds

Mothers do in our own Matrimonial Mart;

For the phrase would apply with a fitness quite funny
To daughters tight-laced, and then married for money!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A fond but foolish Lover rejoices in the decadence of the Season.)

I LIKE to see the life-spent leaves
Come tumbling on the sodden ground,
When swallows quit the cottage eaves
To warmer lands and sunshine bound.
I like to watch the year's decay—
A melancholy subject that—
And think of things of yesterday—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

The bracken browns beneath the pine,
The mast is winnowed from the beech,
The creepers make a thin red line,
And shed the blooms we could not reach.

E'en daisies born of Michaelmas,
Upon the earth are lying flat,
Nasturtiums stoop to meet the grass—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Across the heath the lapwings wail,
They know the time of joy has fled,
And mourn beneath a sky too pale
The sunsets that were rosy red.
The misty cloak is damp and cold,
It scares the ever-greedy bat,
Who fears to leave yon tower old—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

And yet I love this dreary scene,
This picture of the dying year,
That tells of what the world has been
Before the trees were gaunt and sere.
For Time despises day by day—
A leveller, a democrat—
And I unhold his iron sway—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Oft in the days that are no more
I longed to live. But what avail
To hoard such wishes in my store.
When Hope is but a fairy tale?
When many an autumn long ago
My ark was wrecked on Ararat,
You could have saved me then, you know!
Meanwhile the rain goes pit-a-pat.

HOSPITALITY.

(Found in an Imperial Diary.)

Monday.—Reception, déjeuner, reception, review, banquet, concert, reception. Their friendly hospitality delightful. Bed—in train—1 A.M., after reading despatches.

Tuesday.—Rise 7, in train. Reception, breakfast, procession, reception, déjeuner, drive, receptions, visits, interviews, drive, reception, dinner (such a dinner!), reception, opera, reception, despatches. Well-meant hospitality rather fatiguing. Cut fireworks and opera; rather tired, bed 2 A.M.

Wednesday.—Rise 6. Despatches. Breakfast, reception, visits to churches, palaces, &c., &c., foundation stone with verses, steamboat trip, visits, Mint, Institut, more verses, concert—cut short concert—banquet, reception, theatre, &c., &c. Hospitality tiring. Bed at 3 A.M.

Thursday.—Rise 5. Despatches, breakfast, reception, picture galleries, drives, &c., &c., da capo, with variations. Hospitality awful! To bed at 3.55 A.M.

Friday.—Rise 4. Hardly worth going to bed. Despatches, banquet, Final Reception, train—off! Rest at last. To bed, utterly exhausted, at 9 P.M. Their hospitality—oh, save me from my friends! WILLIAM of Germany is the only man who could stand it. They should invite him.



LONG TO RAIN OVER US!

Bill, "BE 'T STILL A RAININ', SAM?"

Sam, "AH, THAT IT BE; AN' NOT LIKE TO GIVE OVER, NEITHER. BIN A COMIN' DOWN POWERFUL 'EAVY, IT 'AVE! WY, I DID 'EAR SAY AS IT'S BIN SO BAD UP IN LONDON THAT THEY 'VE BEEN A CELEBRATIN' THE LONGEST RAIN ON RECORD!"

NOT ENOUGH YET?

["There is a deficiency of rain."—*Meteorological Reports.*]

Pour down, oh rain, from sodden air,
While at barometers we stare,
They never more will point to "fair,"
Pour down unceasing everywhere!
We envy—they alone don't care—
The fish in sea.

Pour down, oh rain, day after day,
Soak sodden man on sodden way,
Soak sodden horse, and sodden hay,
Soak all the land from Thames to Tay,
Because—my goodness!—there is a
Deficiency!

MOTTO FOR A MASSEUSE.—There's nothing like rub-bish.

"They Manage these Things," &c.

Bumbleshaw (reading from daily paper). During the Czar's stay, 6,000 policemen, out of a force of 8,000, were constantly on duty, each man doing fifteen hours service daily.

Grumbleshaw. That's what comes of entertaining a despot! And I suppose that we, the down-trodden ratepayers, will have to pay for this gross truckling to imperial vanity by a free country?

Bumbleshaw. Not unless you happen to have property in France.

Grumbleshaw. In France! What d'ye mean?

Bumbleshaw. Only that the paragraph refers to the guardians of liberty, equality and fraternity in Paris.

[Collapse of GRUMBLESHAW.]



AFTER THE FÊTES!

First Citizen. "SAY THEN! WAS IT NOT A FINE CHANGE TO CRY 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR' FOR NEARLY A WHOLE WEEK, INSTEAD OF 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'!"

Second Citizen. "AH, MY BRAVE, IT WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT! AND SO NEW! I'M HORRIBLY BORED WITH ALWAYS CALLING OUT 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'!"

[They smoke and consider.]

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELÉAZAR BLAZE, ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

M. BLAZE, I should mention, was not only a keen sportsman, but he had been a soldier, and had fought in the armies of the great NAPOLEON. Here and there in his pleasant book he scatters anecdotes of his military life, which agreeably diversify the narrative. And it must be admitted that he by no means forgets the maxim in which he lays it down that one of the chief duties of a story-teller is to embroider. At the end of his chapter on the hare he gives an account of the finest "chasse aux lièvres" that has ever, according to him, taken place in the memory of man. "There were four hundred thousand of us, Frenchmen and Austrians in equal numbers, engaged in the sport, which took place at a little village called Wagram, a few miles from Vienna. The plain was covered with hares; at every ten steps several started in front of our side. Our muskets and our cannons alarmed them dreadfully, and away they ran in the hope of escaping. But further on they met two hundred thousand Austrians, who were in no joking humour. So back they came to us, and squadrons of them were to be seen running between the two armies. A charge of cavalry, which was in no way intended for them, would put them to rout. They pierced our ranks, passed between our legs. We killed them with sword-cuts, with bayonet-thrusts; we took them alive. On that day we saw a great slaughter of men and of hares. A hare killed made one forget the death of a comrade: it was like farce after tragedy. How many bullets, intended for the enemy were shot at these unfortunate hares! Never has so great a number been seen, never before have so many been killed. That evening, after the battle, nearly all of us supped on hare."

HERE is some advice which will come home to the heart of many a British sportsman:—"Be very careful," says the sagacious BLAZE, "of young shooters. If you are walking in line

with them I advise rather to be behind than in front of them. Such fellows lose their head at the sight of a partridge, a hare makes them dizzy, a pheasant throws them into convulsions. They keep on firing, no matter how, and their neighbourhood is very dangerous, and the best plan is to keep out of shot of them." Any young sportsman, however, who reads M. BLAZE's chapter on "The Pheasant" might well be excused a slight tremor at the sight of this bird. This is how it opens:—"But here is the king of game-birds! the pheasant! At this name a sportsman's eyes glitter, his heart beats faster. Listen to him! If he speaks of his exploits he does not pronounce the word pheasant like any other word. With a certain lightness he mentions the partridge, the rabbit, the hare; but when he comes to the pheasant his mouth is full, the two syllables are broadly articulated. He emphasises each of them so that you might fancy you hear two words joined by a hyphen." I recommend this method of pronunciation to country-house parties. But in whatever way pronounced, the pheasant in M. BLAZE's day was not easier to stay than he is now, for novices are told by him that when they shoot at a pheasant they must in thought separate the body from the tail:—"The tail saves many a pheasant; it deceives novices. None of the pellets that hit it count. A shot in the tail scatters many feathers in the air, and one imagines the bird is wounded. Not at all. Like the fox in the fable, the bird has lost its tail in the conflict, and is no whit the worse for it."

THE above advice is, of course, elementary; but the book is full of cunning hints, not merely for the improvement of a man's shooting, but also as to the best method of bringing various animals to bag, and as to the training and treatment of dogs. "No man ought to lend either his wife, or his horse, or his dog," says M. BLAZE, but he proceeds to recount how he himself, being endowed with a magnanimity out of the common, once pushed that quality to the extent of lending *Médor*, the illustrious *Médor*, to a friend, *Médor*, the best of dogs; and that, an hour afterwards, *Médor* came back alone, having left his sportsman on account of a succession of six bad shots. "A dog hunts for his own pleasure, much more than for yours. Amuse him if you want him to amuse you." And, by the way, I may mention that I never yet met a French dog who was not called either *Médor*, or *Phanor*, or *Azor*, or *Belphegor*, or "le vieux Stop."

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA's first fiddle. France bassoon,
And England the big drum;
But when it comes to any *toon*,
The lot of us are mum!
We do not know each other's parts,
We funk cacophonous wail,
We are a happy concert troop,
We are, we are, we are!

At a Dog-Show.

First Fancier. That's a well-bred terrier of yours, BILL.
Second Fancier. And so he ought to be. Didn't the Princess of WALES own his great grand-aunt!

CLEARING THE AIR.

WITH party missiles flying,
With wild shillelaghs blent;
Armenia slowly dying,
The SULTAN well content;
To "clear the air," by speeches,
Is well. Yet must we pray
For him, more wise, who teaches
England to "clear the way."

THE POETRY OF BUSINESS.—"The Lady Loch" and "The Forrest King!" Do not these names sound like the title of a romantic poem? Yet, they are but the names of two gold mines, and poems are not invariably "gold mines" to their authors.

At Chalons.

(Did not miss his opportunity.)

Energetic Bonapartist (at last at liberty). Vive l'Empereur!
Police Official. It is defended, Sir!
E. B. But I only cry for the Czar! [P. O. takes a back seat.]

DUTY, NOT HAPPINESS, IS THE TRUE OBJECT OF LIFE.

What Commands the Admiration and Homage of Mankind?—Character and Sterling Honesty of Purpose.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS FIRST CANVASS.

Tell 'im to CHALK his NAME on the COUNTER, and your FATHER shall ask his CHARACTER.

If I were asked to account in a sentence for his great popularity, I should say it was his great urbanity, his fidelity to true Liberalism, his love of independence, and his unimpeachable character. During his first canvass (about sixty years ago) Mr. Villiers and two friends entered a small shop at Willenhall that had been left in charge of a young girl. On learning their business the dame shouted upstairs, 'Mother, here's a gentleman as is come for father's vote for Member of Parliament.' To this a voice from above made answer, 'Tell 'im to chalk his name on the Counter, and your FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER.' 'Thank you, ma'am,' shouted the candidate; after which, turning to his companions, he said, 'Book that for me; I am as certain of it as if it were already given.'

Newcastle Chronicle.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SKOBELEFF.—'Bokhara is a wretched place to live in.' According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a RUSSIAN OCCUPATION is ONLY POSSIBLE by the

Aid of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

'We ought to be friends. . . Why should two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT.'—The Russian Advance towards India (C. MARVIN), p. 88.

EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.

USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' { It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the blood Pure and Free from Disease.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—"I have recently returned from Australia and New Zealand, where I enjoyed perfect health, owing, I believe, to my always having ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in constant use. I was glad, up country, to pay 8s. per bottle to get ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in preference to imitations offered by Chemists and Storekeepers at lower prices. For sea-sickness it is invaluable, and in nearly 100,000 miles of journeying I have always had it near me, and felt safe from fever, blood poisons, &c.—Yours faithfully, S. A. J."

THE GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c., &c.—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by NATURAL MEANS; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and GREAT DANGER OF CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where, it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED a SEVERE ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered and feverish condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS IMITATION.

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